

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 18, NO. 20

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 7, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

West Virginia University.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.
The Summer Quarter begins July 1. Fall Quarter October 1. Winter Quarter January 1. Spring Quarter April 1.
Faculty of 30 professors and instructors. 6 buildings, and a new one to be added at once. Six students last year, besides 111 students by correspondence.
Collegiate Arts and Sciences Engineering and Mechanical Arts. Law, and Agriculture Schools. Music, Commercial, Preparatory, Departments in Drawing and Painting, Military, Physical Training, Domestic Science, Instruction by Correspondence.
Four Year Courses: Classical, Scientific, Philosophical, Modern Literature, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Law, Agriculture.
Two Year Courses: Leading to degrees: Pre-Medical, Law, Engineering, Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical, Agricultural.
Special Courses in Land Surveying, Rail Road Engineering, Mining, Veterinary, Dentistry, and others.
Graduate courses leading to the various degrees in the various departments.
Instruction in the various departments for those who are unable to attend in person.
The University is situated on a beautiful hillside, and is surrounded by a large tract of land, which is used for the purpose of agriculture and stock raising.
The University is open to all students, regardless of race or color.
For further information, write to the President, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.

LAW CARDS.

N. O. McNEEL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

AT-LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

J. H. A. PRESTON, FRED. WALLACE

PRESTON & WALLACE,

Attorneys at Law.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. McNEEL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST.

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST.

ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite O. A. Yeager's Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You trace his footsteps now on the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hills' withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth, and the winds, which follow wherever he goes, has shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes—from the frozen Labrador—from the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders over.

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice and the lark's form is cast in the bluish cold of the "midnight" into marble statues great.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes—from the rushing Northern blast, and the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.

With an ethereal wing he has hurried on where the fires of Hecla glow, on the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

Becomes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may, and turn with the light of the parlor, fire his evil power away. And gather closer the circle around, when that fleet-footed dancer high, and laugh at the shriek of the belated wind as his sounding wing goes by.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

XXXII.

County Sketches

TOUGH LUCK.

Thomas Green kept a store at the county seat and was down on all kinds of wickedness. Nothing so thoroughly offended him as a neighbor who conducted himself unseemly. He was in favor of having all men who sinned against law and order "hanged."

Thereupon one of the men broke in to say he did not know where the other prisoner had got his liquor being a perfect stranger to him, but that the old coddler who was testifying couldn't come no such games on him, for he had sold him the stuff he got drunk on himself.

Old Green immediately declared that was the biggest lie that was ever told. The justice was a shoemaker whose reputation had suffered at odd times by what old Green had said, picked up his ears at this, and the attorney for the prisoners told his client to keep quiet.

In due time the prisoner was put on the stand and he said that he had come in from the woods only to find that this was a prohibition town, but he had been told that he could buy some liquor at Green's store if he would ask for "Bennett's Elixir." He had got drunk on it and he was prepared to lay his hand on his heart and say or swear on a stack of Bibles a mile high that he bought it of Green, and that it was corn whiskey strong enough to lift a man's hat off his head.

The attorney suggested the best way to determine it would be to sample a bottle of the mixture and the store being convenient Green was horrified to find that after repeated tests men whom he had designated as drunkards for years and therefore familiar with the taste of whiskey declared that the stuff was whiskey and that they could taste the corn out of which it was made. He picked up his hat and fled.

The lawyer then suggested to the court that as the prosecuting witness had left the court with the evident intention of not returning, and that he had sold the liquor which had been the cause of the bloody fight, it would be well to discharge the prisoners and make Green pay the costs. The justice seeing that the costs would be provided for acted on the suggestion.

The occurrence helped Green. Opinion throughout the neighborhood is divided as to whether Green was a dupe or a hypocrite. They agree that the somewhat large stock of Elixir on hand was kept for his own use, and that Rev. Mr. Hardacre is not as jolly a man as he used to be when he was taking a course of medicine.

to handle it. The directions said that a half a wineglass before meals was most beneficial, and our worthy friends not having such useful thing as a wineglass on their premises, had to content themselves with half a coffee cup.

For sometime drunkenness and disorder had been on the increase, and the coterie in Green's store were growing very bitter. One day two men came down main street in a weaving way, and meeting in front of Green's store stopped and glared at each other. One of them expressed his opinion that the other was the ugliest man in the county. The recipient of the compliment studied it gravely for a moment and then proposed in a bland way, "Let's have a fist fight?" This was received with evident satisfaction and the combatants approached each other and having come together and clinched in a careful manner, both rolled over in a side ditch, where they lay side by side and talked on a variety of subjects.

This was too much for Green, and he hastened to the justice's office and, having a warrant issued, came back with a constable and the two strangers were lodged in jail. The next morning Green appeared against them in court very reluctantly for his kind are very loath to do material good and take active steps against those who outrage society.

He was anxious in this case to hedge and in the course of his testimony said that he did not think the men were to blame for their terrible attempt to have a fist fight in front of his store as much as the man who sold them the liquor, and that if they would tell who said that they should be hanged.

Thereupon one of the men broke in to say he did not know where the other prisoner had got his liquor being a perfect stranger to him, but that the old coddler who was testifying couldn't come no such games on him, for he had sold him the stuff he got drunk on himself.

Old Green immediately declared that was the biggest lie that was ever told.

The justice was a shoemaker whose reputation had suffered at odd times by what old Green had said, picked up his ears at this, and the attorney for the prisoners told his client to keep quiet.

In due time the prisoner was put on the stand and he said that he had come in from the woods only to find that this was a prohibition town, but he had been told that he could buy some liquor at Green's store if he would ask for "Bennett's Elixir." He had got drunk on it and he was prepared to lay his hand on his heart and say or swear on a stack of Bibles a mile high that he bought it of Green, and that it was corn whiskey strong enough to lift a man's hat off his head.

The attorney suggested the best way to determine it would be to sample a bottle of the mixture and the store being convenient Green was horrified to find that after repeated tests men whom he had designated as drunkards for years and therefore familiar with the taste of whiskey declared that the stuff was whiskey and that they could taste the corn out of which it was made. He picked up his hat and fled.

The lawyer then suggested to the court that as the prosecuting witness had left the court with the evident intention of not returning, and that he had sold the liquor which had been the cause of the bloody fight, it would be well to discharge the prisoners and make Green pay the costs. The justice seeing that the costs would be provided for acted on the suggestion.

The occurrence helped Green. Opinion throughout the neighborhood is divided as to whether Green was a dupe or a hypocrite. They agree that the somewhat large stock of Elixir on hand was kept for his own use, and that Rev. Mr. Hardacre is not as jolly a man as he used to be when he was taking a course of medicine.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

We hear from tradition of the Wild Man of the Woods having been seen and heard of in the Appalachian Mountains, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, for more than one hundred years. And we now hear occasionally of the Wild Man having been seen in the mountains of New York or Pennsylvania or Virginia farther South. But those whom I have met who have seen him, have been so much frightened that they could give no definite description of him; or their descriptions were so wild and unreasonable that most persons put little confidence in them, a common remark being that "very superstitious people can see great sights."

But I have met an old gentleman in Virginia, Mr. James Lane, (now about ninety years of age), who says that the Wild Man has appeared in the mountains of Virginia, at regular intervals, ever since the time of the Revolution, and that many unexplained disappearances of persons lost in the mountains, as well as many mysterious murders, have been attributed to this mysterious individual.

Mr. Lane says that he once had a glimpse of the wild man, which satisfied him. In the summer of 1832, he was with two other men, and was watching a deer lick in the "brush," or Great North Mountain of Virginia. He with one of the other men sat in the brush, which was built of old logs, near the top of the mountain, and the other man sat in the brush, which was built of old logs, near the top of the mountain, and the other man sat in the brush, which was built of old logs, near the top of the mountain.

At about midnight, which was the time the moon was down, the night of which we were then watching, a deer came out of the brush, and the hunters knew the deer would be in by midnight if he came at all. They were straining eyes and ears in an effort to catch sight or sound of the deer. There being room in the blind for two men, one of them had lain down behind a tree about twenty yards from his companions.

The two men in the blind heard two or three steps in the leaves; they supposed the deer was coming and laid their fingers on the triggers ready to fire when they heard the deer suck the water from the spring; for the guns were already aimed so as to kill the deer when he had his mouth in the water. But they never heard the deer suck. Instead they heard the most unearthly yell of triumph—a scream as it were of the triumph of a devil over a fallen foe. They heard a groan and a floundering in the leaves where their companion was lying behind the tree.

They quickly lighted a torch of pitch pine from a fire of charcoal, which was kept burning for this very purpose in a hole in the ground so it would not frighten the deer. When the torch was lit they started to the other man, and Mr. Lane says that he and his companion both saw the outlines of a man disappearing in the brush. They hastened to their friend and found him bleeding to death from a gash in the throat which some feeble but skilled hand had inflicted. The jugular vein on the left side of the neck was severed and the knife had penetrated the windpipe. The wounded man was dead in a few moments. The whole community the next day, and for many days thereafter, scoured the forests in search of the murderer, but he was never found.

Again in the year 1859 two men started to cross the Dry Branch Mountain in Augusta County, Virginia. Mr. Lane says he has often heard one of them tell of their adventure. It was late in the evening when they left the Little Calpasture River to cross over to the Great Calpasture River. Night overtook them before they quite got out of the mountain. They lost their way in the wood and came to a place where the river had washed off the end of a ridge of the mountain, leaving a perpendicular cliff of two or three hundred feet in height. The moon

was shining brightly. They heard the gurgling of the water in the river below them. They leaned over the edge of the cliff trying to make out their position, in order that they might find the path which led out to a safe place.

While thus situated, one of them being almost on a balance and about ten feet from the other, a form suddenly sprang from behind a tree, threw all his force against the man, and both went over the cliff together—the man who was balancing himself to peer into the darkness and the form which sprang upon him from behind a tree. The other man watched their descent as well as he could by the moonlight. He heard the dull thud of the body when it struck the rocks below. He tho't both were killed, supposing the murderer to be some escaped lunatic who was both murderer and suicide. But quick as the thought there rose from the rocks below that terrible, unnatural yell of triumph, which Mr. Lane himself had heard seven years before, which the man who survived described as unearthly and indescribable.

The survivor felt his way back to the path. He roused the people for many miles around. By daylight many had congregated at the spot where the tragedy had occurred. To their great surprise they found but one body lying crushed and bleeding on the rocks at the side of the river. But fastened in a cleft of a rock about ten feet above the bottom of the precipice there hung part of a hand and the arm from the elbow down of what was apparently the left arm and hand of a mummy.

Notwithstanding the most thorough search, no trace of the perpetrator of the deed was ever found after he had left his victim. This is the last murder we hear of being attributed to the Wild Man. Subsequent to this period all those who profess to have seen the Wild Man were only frightened sometimes so they were delirious for days and weeks; sometimes they were insane for life.

The last time the Wild Man is known to the writer to have appeared was on the fifteenth day of June, 1898. Willard Thomas, while fishing on the waters of Cranberry in the forests of West Virginia, lost his way and had to lie out all night in the forest alone. He spent a wakeful and anxious night before a great fire he made of old logs and branches of trees. Being almost worn out, along towards morning young Thomas fell into a slight doze, when he was startled by a slight noise and started up, when who can tell his astonishment as he beheld before his fire "the wild man of the wood," the fire being between them.

The Wild Man began to recite the story of his life. He said he was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1732. His father's name was James Girty. James Girty was a merchant of Liverpool of advanced age and great wealth, who had married late in life a young and beautiful woman. To them a son was born whom they named Simon. A fair haired, rosy cheeked boy upon whom was shrouded all the care that the indulgence of an old and wealthy father and a young, doting, and silly mother could bestow.

Simon Girty grew up without a thought or care for others. With an undisciplined mind and a depraved heart at twenty-one years of age Simon Girty found himself a wicked, selfish, and wealthy orphan. He started immediately upon a career of crime and soon squandered his estate. Having gotten aboard a sailing vessel bound for America he made his escape from the law, which would have held him for his debts and his crimes. But even in the colonies of America the Crown was as powerful as in Great Britain. So Simon Girty fled to the Indians and there began his life of revenge against the human race in general and against society as then constituted in particular. His heart knew but two passions, revenge and hatred; his mind knew but one object—to gratify those passions.

Simon Girty assisted the Indians in all their schemes of cruelty. He incited them to acts they had never thought to invent. He inflicted upon the helpless victims who fell into his power every species of cruelty known to either the red or the white race, and every combination of those cruelties. He burned by slow fire; he flayed alive; he broke the bones; he killed by starvation; he slew with the knife. He led the Indians into the thinly settled districts of the country and captured men, women, and children. He slew children in the presence of their parents, and parents in the presence of their children. He put husbands to death in the arms of their pleading wives. He tortured wives before the eyes of their helpless husbands.

Upon all these scenes of cruelty he looked without remorse and without pity. Simon Girty had early learned to look upon himself and his acts as the criterion of all earthly attainment. He looked upon those things which he did as great because he did them. He hated those who thought differently. Thus he made himself the hated enemy of the frontiersmen. But when the colonists sent a force against him and his savage allies in one place he went to another and fomented strife, leaving behind him everywhere a track of fire and the murdered blood of every age, sex, and condition. His only desire was the misery of men; his only business was murder, rapine, and arson.

Such was the life of Simon Girty, the renegade white man, until the time of the Revolution. Then he entered the service of Great Britain in raising an Indian army. Not that he cared for Britain more than for America, but he thought that in raising an army of savages whom he commanded he would have better opportunity to exercise his propensity to cruelty. He murdered indiscriminately all who fell into his power—Americans, English, or Indians, when he could do so with impunity.

But the Revolution ended. Then Simon Girty excited the Indians to first one and then another act of brutality and cruelty, until the United States crushed the power of the Indians. They were no longer able or willing to assist Girty in his schemes of cruelty and hate. Girty therefore murdered a some of the Indians, then became a fugitive in the forests of the white settlements. There as opportunity offered he slew a victim, and then as he did so shifted from place to place for safety.

But about the year 1840 his murders ceased, he no longer had the physical power to take the life of man. He had been the most revengeful man the race ever produced. He had glutted his vengeance. But each of these acts of cruelty and hate had taken part of Girty's strength. Part of his human nature was eliminated by each of those crimes. But there was in him another nature which thrived and grew upon those very acts and thoughts. Each day this nature became more and more pronounced. Thus as the human nature of Simon Girty gradually died, the demon grew and developed. So it came to pass when the human nature of Girty was quite dead his body was yet the abode of a spirit which directed its movements and dominated its action—a spirit which needed not a living body for its habitation.

Simon Girty was a living devil in a dead human body. Willard Thomas saw there before his fire. Girty now had the appearance of a skeleton covered by a dried and shriveled skin. The lower jaw was hanging on to one side only by some shreds of sinew and cuticle. The eyes were entirely gone, or sunken so deeply into their sockets as to be invisible. The nose was sunken down upon the face; and the nostrils, no longer needed as avenues for breath, were closed. Where the ears had once been were great cavities in the sides of the head. The dried and shriveled remnant of a tongue

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At last it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect. For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free? Our Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice and remedy obtain, write this doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

stuck up in the top of the throat and was visible where the side of the jaw had been detached, and the hair of the head was gone; but in its stead the head and most parts of the body were covered by a bluish-gray fungus. The parchment like skin was drawn around the bones. The scattering and snagged teth showed through the mouth in the most hideous manner. The left arm was gone from the elbow down. Most of the finger bones were missing from the right hand. The left foot was gone at the ankle. The right foot extended only to the instep, where it ended in a bunch of bones and ragged fringe of cuticle and shreds of flesh—a fearful combination of death and existence!

Simon Girty, the Wild Man of the wood, stood there before that fire a dead humanity—an existing fierce, revengeful, devilish, Hell-sent demon. He was the incarnation of hate, existent damnation, fierce revenge. As there he stood he narrated his story in a voice more unnatural, more fearful, more hell-like than his body.

It is no wonder then that poor Willard Thomas became one more victim of the revenge of Simon Girty. The poor man's mind gave way under the terrible strain of that night. After being found by his friends he had only a few lucid intervals, during which he related the true story of his misfortunes, and has now almost lost his life, a victim (the doctors say) of acute mania.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above article is contributed by a friend, who desires his name withheld. Viewed as a work of fact or fiction, we consider it of high literary value.

The cow kicked the bucket over and spilled the milk, and if you do not get the Farm Journal 5 years, (all of 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904,) just by paying for The Pocahontas Times a year ahead, you will be like that cow. The Farm Journal is the biggest paper of its size in the world.

NOTICE.
My wife, Louisa A. Ervine, having left my home, all persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract. A. B. ERVINE, Loveridge, W. Va.

To Cure Lagrippe in Two Days.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box 25c.